296 down some 1,500 feet on the other side. He was to provide his own native Indian soap and heat his own iron somehow. In fact, however, I saw him unashamedly spreading out the things to dry on the grass behind the bungalow, having coaxed hot water out of Zaidu. And as Indian soap is made with ghee or some odious, smelly fat which we had no mind to breathe in off our sheets and pillows at night, I agreed to give him one cake of Sunlight soap per week (one of the few supplies I had prudently brought with me). Presently I found that he would much prefer to iron in the kitchen, "it would be so much better for the clothes than being carried to and fro to Báltít," and that he would take it kindly if I would supply the charcoal for his iron. You will deduce that Baráto, like Shafi, had learnt a thing or two in India besides his *dhobing*. However, from my point of view the bargain was a good one, and I was glad it should be a good one from his side too. I don't doubt that my "merchant" saved one bar of soap in four, or perhaps one in two, to stock his "shop" in Báltít; but our clothes were nicely washed and he had no competitor within sixty-four miles and deserved to profit by his own enterprise.

He was an entertaining fellow, the *dhobi*, with a humorous kink in his face, and a quaint, half-defiant, half-amusing way of talking that made his calls rather pleasant episodes. His air implied: "Of course you can't afford to lose me; there's no one else in Hunza you could get instead. On the other hand, of course, 15s. a month for your little scrap of work is money for jam, and I like coming over for a chat with your people, so it suits us to be friends."

565 There is something very winning about the complete lack
● 576 of servility in Hunza. The people are hospitable, courteous, and polite, and too self-respecting to omit the deference due to "The Great," but they own their soil and live their own lives and can look the whole world in the face. They serve you faithfully and ungrudgingly and more than earn what you pay, but they are servants of none. For which reason I wish we had some other word for these lovable peasants who worked for us.

000 Two other points remained: heat and light. The Hunza

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

LAND AND HOUSES IN HUNZA

As you enter, you turn your eyes left and with your free 342
right hand salute the master of the house and wish him peace. [576] ●
You will find him seated on a spacious dais raised well above 352
the earthen floor and comfortably carpeted with goats' hair
rugs of his own weaving, or it may be with felt carpets from
Kashgar. The left-hand wall of the dark passage through which
you have entered screens the end of this recessed dais, and is
lined with a capacious cupboard reaching to the ceiling. At
the head of the dais is a gigantic wooden bin, divided into
chambers each with its separate lid, in which the various kinds
of flour are stored as they are ground for use: barley, wheat,
millets, and buckwheats. The dais itself is 6 or 7 feet wide
and 10 or 12 feet long, the men's sitting place by day and the
major sleeping bench by night. Each person has his own set of 352
bedding—padded quilts or homespun blankets—in which he 513
rolls himself like a sausage. The sleepers lie crosswise on the
bench, which is wide enough to let them stretch full length,
and when neatly packed for the night eight or ten can be com-
fortably accommodated. On the opposite side of the room is 352
the minor bench, equally roomy, but an inch or two less
raised, which is the women's sitting place by day, and at night
the sleeping bench for women and children. It also has a built-
up cupboard at the foot, and at the head, corresponding to the
large flour bin, the housewife's spacious "yeast-cupboard" in
which she keeps her kneading trough and rolling-pin, her
cooking-pots and what not. Its door is at her left hand as she
sits on her cross-bench, and the top of it serves as general
shelf, table, and "dresser." A more admirable scheme of 342
architecture, better suited to the family's needs, would be 352
difficult to devise. The complete absence of windows gives a
sense of security and cosiness; the complete absence of sense-
less "furniture" gives a delightful feeling of space and peace
and leisure, and makes you want to go home and make a
bonfire of your tables and chairs. How much more we have
lost than gained by learning to sit on chairs and losing the
pliability of joint that makes squatting natural. How much
unnecessary domestic slavery goes to our "housework." Every 356
morning the Hunza women take the family rugs and bedding

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

and hang them in sun and air. Five minutes with a broom and the whole house is effectively cleaned!

The hospitality and goodwill of these people is beyond belief. We had never met or heard of the proud owner of this new house, yet he had spread his benches with rugs and carpets for us, had raised some glass bottles (incredibly precious things these) and filled them with flowers to do us honour. So we sat in comfort and asked innumerable questions, supplementing all we had learned from Kalbi's house and proudly showing off how much we knew. Qudrat Ullah and I worked the measuring tape and sang out various dimensions which David entered on the rough plan he had sketched. And as we worked we chatted about all sorts of things, and found our host most interesting, as indeed all people are who are close in touch with real life—the bore is a pernicious product of civilization. Before we went away they brought two huge dishes of peaches and lovely grapes and bunches of flowers for us to take home. We said all the nice things we could think of and wished the family happiness and long life in the new house and plenty of children to fill it, though to judge by the dozens of merry little faces crowding in the background and peering round the entrance, there was no shortage of these in the neighbourhood. The Hunza children (as I have said more than once) are delightful: bright-eyed and eager, yet perfectly mannered. They never interrupt, they never bother you, they disappear like magic if bidden to go, but they love to see and hear all that is going on. While the men were purposefully, gravely talking, I would keep one half my mind at leisure, smile and nod across at the womenfolk, wordlessly implying: "Yes, we know what men are, don't we, you and I?" I would wag a finger in greeting to one or another of the small boys and girls, and then find another catching my eye and demanding an equal attention; I would tickle an adjacent toddler, who responded with a judiciously muffled squeal, and the whole group of households were our friends.

When finally we said good-bye, we could not insult our host by offering money in return for his kindness and the fruit. So next day I plundered my store-room and took out a small

backs. They all thought it rather a thrill to come along and see me safe home and hang about for a salaam to David before they dashed off to some fresh amusement.

As soon as DL was better I began exploring further afield. At first I used to be a little shy of just barging down any rocky track that seemed to end up in someone's back yard. But these tracks are all public ways, and just when you think you have reached a cul-de-sac and are about to plunge into a house, the path gives a sudden twist and leads you on.

No matter how far I strayed from home and my well-known families, the people came up to their garden walls or out on to their flat roofs—crowds of them sometimes—to shout a welcome and good wishes, and to ask where I was going to and what I was doing. This is the recognized Hunza greeting, not a fatuous, unanswered "How do you do?" countered by another. The answer is: "I'm going to fetch firewood from the orchard," or "I'm getting some green stuff for the cow," or "I've been taking the beasts to water," or "I'm off to get some grain ground at the mill," or "I've been spending the day with mother's people." No one "goes for a walk" to get exercise after a futile day of sitting still. So I was driven to reply that I had come "to see the country." "And a good idea, too," they would respond politely; "and do you like it?" Then I could truthfully say how beautiful it was, and how much I admired their walls, and what lovely air and water and fruit they have, but that most of all I liked the friendly people. Then they grinned with pleasure. When I sometimes risked a short cut and found myself at the top of a huge wall with no visible means of getting further, a kindly man or boy would leave his work to come and point out the almost invisible flight of projecting stones or pull down a side wall to let me out into a tiny lane, and always he would offer his hand to help me. I duly thanked him and perhaps added apologetically: "We haven't walls like yours in our country, and I'm not very good at climbing them." "No, and of course you've got shoes on," he would say sympathetically, "and you're not young."

Twice I found my way down to the very edge of the river bank. The river itself, grey and rock-tossed it looked, dashing

2: Lorimer T-3 (1925–8; 1934–5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

her a little dusty as she worked in the fields and somewhat tired perhaps as her time drew on. To-day she had on a gay, green cap, new cotton dress and trousers of bright chintz, and her hair was beautifully brushed and braided. I gave her hearty greetings before accepting the seat of honour left for me. On the cross-bench sat old grandfather, looking very handsome with his grey beard neatly trimmed, and by him stood the proud father and uncle (all ousted by my presence from their normal sitting bench), while an old woman—Bibi Gímo's mother—crouched with the proprietary air of the *accoucheuse* on the ground beside the mother's dais. Derwish and Man Ali Shah joined the menfolk, the two small girls sat round the fireplace with Naját and Shukuru, while the married sister and other women formed a group behind. Dádo came in with me as a matter of course and sat at my feet, though neither a neighbour nor a relative. (I had fully expected him to fade out at the threshold.)

I took a long breath, summoned all my wits and—a little self-consciously because of so large an audience—started carefully firing off one by one the fine phrases with which Qudrat Ullah had furnished me: "God grant your son long life and happiness! May he live to be a comfort to you! May he take your beasts in summer to the mountain pastures! May he bring you gifts when he comes home from his travels! May he give you a good daughter-in-law and children to brighten your age! May he prove a worthy son of worthy parents!" and so forth till I stopped from sheer exhaustion. These admirable sentiments, couched in the best traditional form, sounded so absurdly different from my usual, halting, extempore speech that they provoked giggles of delight from Naját and her companions. They fully realized that these pretty speeches must have been carefully prepared, and they told me afterwards that everyone had been much gratified at my having taken the trouble to learn the right things to say. But, after all, you may as well say the right things as the wrong, and even amid the simplicities of Hunza, ceremonial phrases are valued on ceremonial occasions.

Then, having recovered breath, I consulted Dádo in a whis-

563 find much more of it, and David had hoped to get some in-
582 teresting notes on the bi-lingualism of children whose parents were of different stocks, but we came across no household among the Burusho we met where the wife was a foreigner.

616 Social intercourse with Nagir is virtually non-existent. The Hunza menfolk occasionally cross the river to barter Hunza wool for Nagir grain, for the former is much valued, though why, with far more extensive pasturage, the Nagir sheep should yield inferior wool was a mystery we never solved. But though a common language might appear to unite the two people, a difference of religion sunders them, and profoundly different social customs. Centuries of rivalry have left strong, latent feelings of hostility and distrust, probably reinforced—though this is a point on which possibly neither side has consciously
562 reflected—by a difference of race. The Nagir women enjoy no
291 such freedom and equality as the Hunza women do. They still wear unbecoming, dark homespun bonnets concealing all their hair while in Aliábád only one such bonnet had survived the comparatively recent coming of the merry cotton cap. Nagir sheep are predominantly dark brown, and in consequence Nagir caps and *chogas* are of a sombre hue that fittingly sym-
771 bolizes the less genial temperament. Their Shi'ah mosques are
346 called "Houses of Mourning" (*ma'tim sera*), and their interpretation of Islam seems to be as cheerless as would be a form of Christianity that concentrated all its devotion on the sorrows of Good Friday, and spared no thought for the rejoicings of Easter and Christmas. Now it happens that the Arabic word for mourning (*ma'tim*) sounds very similar to the Burushaski
● 576 *matum* (black). As we rode through Nagir and noted the dour
157 looks of the Nagirkuts, the crouching, face-averted women, the absence of spontaneous "good days" which brighten every Hunza chance encounter, the fact that when a Nagir prince was riding with us his passage was unmarked by any welcome or salute, our Hunza men would murmur with a grim satisfaction: "Their caps are black, and their cloaks are black, and their mosques are black, and by Allah their hearts are
157 black!" All travellers who have passed through the two adjacent states have noted the relative gloom of Nagir, and some

twin sister. "Is that Kaníza's twin?" It was—twice as big and flourishing as our little Kaníza. By way of making conversation I asked the mother: "Isn't it strange that Anjír should be so much bigger than her twin?" "Not really strange," she said quite simply, "there is food in Báltít." Yet when my photographing was done they pressed me to come in. I made to squat just anywhere on the woman's platform, but they must needs find a rug for me to sit on. They were cooking lentils in a big stone pot on a tripod over a tiny fire, and they produced a dish of boiled potatoes and wanted to share it with me. I took a tiny taste for friendliness, but excused myself from eating more with the phrase I had found gave no offence, "I came, having just eaten." These people's hospitality just left me gasping. That dish of lentils and potatoes was probably the only serious meal of the day for five or six of them. And if I had so little, should I want to stuff any of it into over-fed foreigners? I trow not. We were not conscious of being exactly over-fed in Hunza, but by contrast with what our neighbours—much better folk than we—existed on. . . .

Another day I met on the narrow track a perfectly strange lad with a lump of dried apricots in his hand (rather like a lump of the all-glued-together dates you see in a grocer's shop) which he was eating as he walked along. We greeted each other "Jú na!" This is the old-time native greeting, still much more in use than the formal "Salam aleikum" of Islam, which the women scarcely use at all. When you do say "Salam aleikum," the correct Hunza reply is "Salam aleikum." At first, of course, we used to answer: "W'aleikum as salam!" as is usual amongst Muslims elsewhere; but it came to sound stilted and highbrow to our own ears, as I do not doubt it did to theirs. Immediately the boy held out his apricots for me to take some. I tugged a small one off the corner and popped it into my mouth, where it lasted me like chewing-gum for half an hour. These apricots are very good and most sustaining, far tastier than the dried apricots we buy at home, but for serious eating they need to be steeped overnight and then make a delicious dish.

A month later, by the third week of March, we were well

000 the ruins, but the manuscripts threw no light on the matter. So far as they have yet been examined they appear to be comparatively commonplace copies of already well-known sacred writings of latish date. They are now lodged in the Srinagar Museum, which is permanently closed.

Our return to Gilgit coincided (somewhat unfortunately we ungraciously felt) with the Jubilee celebrations and perforce we spent another very pleasant (but time-wasting) holiday with our most hospitable friends the Kirkbrides. It was May 13th before we were able to disentangle ourselves from Gilgit and its seductions and set our faces once more towards Hunza. The very horses seemed to scent that they were heading home and gave us of their best. The weather was now very
137 definitely warming up, and we marched early to avoid the greater heat. Nomal and Chalt provided us as usual with loathsome milk tasting of Tom Cat. This indescribably vile flavour is due to some wild herb that grows in these neighbourhoods at certain seasons. I am not botanist enough to know its name, and it is not a plant of which I covet seeds or slips. It is mercifully unknown in Hunza.

312 As we rode through the rich, well-watered string of Nagir villages we were escorted for part of the way by various Nagir princes sent by their father to show us courtesy. Green crops, shady walnut trees and masses of blue iris and wild rose made the road enchanting, its loveliness enhanced a thousandfold by the bleakness and barrenness of the great mountains. I confess I always covet these lovely villages for Hunza, the more so that the Nagirkuts are far more slack and slovenly in their cultivation than "our" people. All the irrigation water, coming straight from the melting glaciers of Rakaposhi, was now milky
576 and unappetizing. The Nagir people, though not actively un-
643 civil, never volunteer a greeting as you pass and never throw you a kindly smile even when they speak. We noticed, too—and how it shocked our loyal Hunza folk—that the Nagir princes also were allowed to ride past unsaluted and apparently unregarded. The Mir of Nagir had been pressing in invitations to us to visit him—as soon as he had convinced himself that no great harm seemed to be accruing to Hunza from our presence there.

DEGRESSION TO YASIN

We gained one valu- 291
able piece of information: the Nagir women *do* wear trousers! 562
The trousers-for-women fashion in these parts is new: that is, [77]
it has been going only for the last four or five generations, introduced we were told from Chitral, and my Hunza women friends had assured me that the Nagir women were so backwoodsy that they had not yet adopted it—which I now know to be a libel. The little girls wear cotton caps and fringes like our Hunza ones, but the women cover all their hair in black woollen Salvation Army bonnet-like caps (a type of headgear of which I saw only one specimen surviving in Hunza). What the Nagir women and older girls look like I cannot say, for when they sight a man they crouch down with their backs turned and either pull a cloth over their faces or bury their heads in their arms. Give me the Maulai variety of Islam every time!

After I got back to Hunza and the women crowded round to ask "all about everything," I got a lot of fun by demonstrating—with only a mild amount of legitimate exaggeration—how the crouching and face-hiding ought to be done; but I cleared the Nagir women's character on the trouser question. Certainly half the charm of our delightful country is the freedom of the women and girls. They come up to the roadside or out on to the roof to greet DL just as naturally and frankly as to greet me. They are not brazen-faced or forward, just unafraid and perfectly unselfconscious.

They have one charming custom which I have not heard 576 ●
of elsewhere, and which could only exist amongst free women. 562
When the Mir or any distinguished traveller (such as we!) is passing, the women and girls crowd on to their house tops and silently wave their hands. Not in a stiff Heil Hitler salute nor with our undisciplined exuberance, but with a quiet, graceful circular motion from the wrist, the two hands moving opposite ways outwards from the breast. It is the most gracious and dignified gesture of welcome and goodwill I have seen. We knew it from official days of old, when it might well have been merely a command performance; but it warmed our hearts when it greeted us as private individuals.

To revert to our homeward journey: After descending the 602

was brought the largest wooden tray I ever saw, piled high with various foods: I noted a fresh cabbage, stacks of several kinds of bread, dishes of dried curds, mountains of rice with nuts and onions on top, and every sort of vegetable cooked in butter. The Mir sampled everything very sparingly, laughingly explaining that he must not tuck in now as he had to eat dinner with us presently. Then the royal tray was taken over and placed before the princes, while mountains of bread and meat were set in the centre of the balcony for everybody. The meat was hacked up as usual with an adze and the food quickly distributed and almost as quickly disposed of, no one going through the farce of having a delicate appetite. The beauty of this kind of feast is that there is no "clearing away," for in five minutes not one visible crumb was left.

Then all stood up and turned to the Mir with a bow and a curious gesture brushing down their beards or moustaches or whiskers with both hands (whether they had any such trimming on the face or not) and said in unison *mubárak manish!*—may it be blessed!—thereupon fading out one by one down the trap-door. When the road was clear we all climbed down too, and in the courtyard the Mir mounted his horse again for a sort of triumphal march home. He suggested our riding with him, but we explained that we should prefer to walk down if we might. He laughed and said: "So should I, but I must not!" The ascent of the Hunza Mall is all right, but riding down it is unattractive. We waited till he had plunged vertically out of sight and took our time to the descent on foot. There is a wonderful collection of old buildings, with balcony rooms propped on rudely carved pillars, a charming old, now disused mosque, also lavishly carved, and a wonderful old mill, all packed tight round the feet of the Fort for safety.

After we got back to the Mir's gardens we washed and changed, and dined with him in a roomy tent. The poor man had been having severe toothache for several days and no sleep at night, yet he manfully ate his way through dinner and kept the conversation going. Next morning we were awakened by a magnificent voice chanting the Call to Prayer before dawn. It was the only *muezzin* we ever heard in Hunza, but the Mir

4: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

the door, they bring out a bowl of flour, and *ispandar* smoke, and a dish of ghee. The Tham touching these and kissing (his fingers) enters the house and sits down on the large dais. The master of the house and his brothers, standing in the centre part of the room, say: "You are welcome!" "God bless you!" replies the Tham.

Then he makes the Elders and followers sit down for a little at the door and he calls up the Wazir and then he calls up the Yerpa. Then they bring the Elders one by one into the house, and then they bring in the inferior followers, and they make them sit down in their appointed places. After this a personal servant brings water for the Tham to wash his hands, and when they have made the Tham wash his hands they make the Elders wash theirs.

Then they set food before the Tham. The Head Cook and the assistant cooks prepare vegetable soup for the Tham and put the hindquarters of a sheep and *sherbat* with bread before him. Also four cakes of thick bread, and curds in a bowl, and cream in a cup. The Head Cook cuts up the meat for the Tham.

Then they place dishes of food before the leading men, and the meat that is in front of the Tham they dispense to the Elders and followers. There are also the two heads of the goats: one of these with some bread they give to the musicians; the other they give to the grooms. To the huntsmen they give the fat tail (of the sheep) which is in front of the Mir. They give two dishes (of food) to each party separately. To the Bodyguard they give five dishes.

Then to the Tham's womenfolk also they send bread and dishes of food and to the Gushpurs they send one dish each. The Gushpurs are not allowed to come to the host's house with the Tham and Elders. They send the food for them to their various lodgings.

When he has eaten the Tham comes out. He says: "Blessings on you!" and they reply: "On your life blessings!" The master of the house comes out in front of the door with the Tham.

---

22 *havlom .. hasik bi* — the sentence is grammatically obscure and probably faulty, *havlom* unless it is adjectival, seems to require a verb, such as "they carry away from ...".
masirvuki — an alternative reading is: *masivir has* . . .
arpilas — is the p.pc. active of *bilaigas* used absolutely.

000 trees are there? *Hunzulo joŋ doxər-čumɛ* when the apricot trees are coming into blossom in Hunza. 320.1. *gaško . . . thʌ·iko joŋɛ šərkotsɛ tʌk notʌn* tying ropes to the branches of tall apricot trees. 316.12.

(According to QUB the *j-* of the pl. is not cerebral).

●576 3. *ju·, ju·na* y.

a. An expression of respect to a superior, greeting, salutation, obeisance, H. *sʌlʌ·m*. — N. *ʌwa ju* yes, Sir! *ju gor mʌniš!* "thanks to you", sometimes used sarcastically: "thanks for nothing". 112.2. *ju ɛtʌs* to pay one's respects to, thank respectfully. *thʌmɛ ju ɛčər ničʌm* I shall go to pay my respects to the Tham. *thʌmər ju nɛtʌn* saluting the Tham. 302.8. *gu·imo jʌ·mʌlɛ ju ɛti* say "salam" to your family. EOL. *gutɛ ju mɛnər ɛtʊma?* whom did you salute? EOL.

b. An extended form *ju·na* is also in use:

ju·na nʌnatsəro! hail, mother's brothers! 248.11.

I have also the following notes:

ju·na — "a greeting to which the response was formerly the same: *ju·na*. Now under orders from (the Agha Khan) Bombay the response is: *sʌlʌ·m alɛ.ikʊm*; in which matter even the women comply".

ju·na nʌzər — "said by women, and sometimes also by men, as when a small gift is received.".

(Both forms were still in 1935 in general use especially by women. *Ju* has also been recorded in Sh.).

000 4. *ju, ʒu*, pl. *-ʌnts, juwʌnts*, x warp-yarn. — *gʌtu diyʌn juwʌnts du.ʌšimi(.ɛ?)* the cloth becoming old the

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
[P.39-B]

By JOHN CLARK

123
164

THE FOLLOWING IS AN ENTRY in my weathered notebook of a decade ago, written when, as an American living in the Himalayas in a run-down castle, I was operating an infirmary:

[576]

"'Salaam aleikum, Hasoor! my trouble is very great,' said old Bohar. He raised his white-stubbled chin and pointed to the source of his pain.

"I looked and shuddered a little. Four oozing, open holes, each the diameter of a pencil, pierced his chin and jawbone. I asked him to open his mouth, and he complied, exposing a row of teeth worn absolutely flat. I ran my finger across his lower teeth; four were so loose that I was able to

125 One evening, I took a census of the
165 nine teen-age boys in my wood-carv-
[123] ing school. Of these, all from well-to-
do households, how many had seen
death in their immediate families?
165 Here was the roll:
551 Gohor Hayat: mother, three broth-
ers, two sisters; Sherin Beg: one
brother, one sister; Nur-ud-Din:
mother, two brothers, two sisters; Md.
Hamid: mother, one sister; Burhan
Shah: one brother, one sister; Nasar
Md.: mother, two brothers, one sister;
Mullah Madut: two brothers; Sulei-
man: one brother; Ghulam Rasul:
father. In a country fabled for the long
lives of its inhabitants, these are de-
pressingly typical Asian statistics.
165 Moreover, there is little reason to be-
●576 lieve that any of the old men are really
as old as is claimed.

"How old are you?" I once asked a venerable patient.

"Ninety, Hazoor!" he answered.

"How do you know you're ninety?"

"Well, Hazoor, my hair is white, and I know I'm very old, and ninety is very old, so I must be ninety."

[124] My teen-aged assistant, Gohor Hayat, broke in impatiently, "Why do you
[217] waste time asking such questions?
[212] You know there are no records, because so few of my people can write!"

I had thought the old man might have a way of keeping count. "How old are you, Gohor Hayat?" I asked.

Gohor Hayat responded loftily, "I'm

[Text continues on p. 43-C]

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
[P43-C] Hunza

seventeen." Two years before he had told me he was thirteen.

Because the Hunzas, themselves, have no written records, I attempted to estimate longevity on the basis of physical signs of age.

THE elderly Hunzas, I discovered firsthand, show impressive dental evidence of being no older than sixty to seventy-five, not an unusual old-age in Western countries. Owing to a lack of vitamin D and milk in their diet, the great majority of Hunzas have soft teeth. A young man of about twenty-one, just cutting his wisdom teeth, typically has six-year molars that are worn flat. This allows a rate-of-wear calculation that is relatively dependable in determining age. For instance, a man over one hundred years old, at this rate, would have all his molars worn down to the jawbone, but this does not occur even in the teeth of the very oldest Hunzas.

"Purity" has been attributed to the Hunza diet, but the diet itself has seldom been more than superficially observed or related to its highly seasonal pattern. In the summertime the Hunza cuisine is limited, but not too bad. Chapatties—shaped like pancakes and made of coarse, whole-barley flour and water—form the staple, and salted tea is the beverage. Mulberries, fresh apricots, cucumbers, and occasionally sheep-milk butter, round out the

~~Ldr~~ Biddulph G-3 (1873-1878) 1880 ~~AUI Afghanistan AUI~~
4 AVJ Dard
Burush AV7

241 covered with orchards of fruit trees. The cultivation is extremely good, and fruit of all kinds grows in abundance.

771 Mahommedanism sits but loosely on the Hunza people, who make no secret of their preference for easy-going tenets. Though professing to be Maulais, they are disowned by their own Pirs, who refuse to visit the country, and no contributions are sent by them to their spiritual chief. They are great wine-drinkers, and are reproached by their neighbours for their readiness to eat unorthodox food,[1] and for the immo-
411 rality of their women. Firearms are scarce, and bows and arrows are still not quite obsolete.

564 The people of Hunza and Nager belong to the caste called Yeshkun by the Shins, but amongst themselves known
142 as Boorish. They differ slightly in appearance, the Nager people apparently showing an infusion of Tartar blood, derived, no doubt, from their Iskardo neighbours. The Hunza people, who are a somewhat taller race, have finer features and are distinguished for being more deliberate and less
197 vivacious in their actions. The language, called Boorishki or Boorishaski, is identical in both states; the Hunza pronunciation being rather more broad and drawling than that of Nager. This language was first published by Dr. Leitner. All their songs, however, are in Shina,—a language which is supposed to lend itself more readily to poetry,—and Shina songs are sung by men who do not understand a word of that language.

● 576 Both Thums are still addressed as Soori, as a title of respect. This appears to be the same as *Sri*, an appellation of Lakshmi, the Hindoo goddess of wealth, commonly prefixed to the names of Hindoo princes in India, to denote their honour and prosperity. The Thum's wives are styled "*gánish*," which is almost identical with the original Sanscrit word for mother,
231 and their sons are called "*gushpoor*." In cutting the throat of an animal for food, the people of Hunza make a practice of turning it towards the Thum's abode, even when many miles distant, instead of in the orthodox direction of Mecca.

712 Every village, according to its size, possesses one or more
361 forts, sufficient to give shelter to the whole population. These are built of sun-dried bricks, with walls 15 feet high, and square towers at intervals of 20 yards. At night the whole population takes refuge within the walls. Similar forts exist in Gilgit, but under Cashmere rule they have fallen into disuse.

000 In Hunza there is a tradition preserved of the occurrence

[1] Animals not slaughtered according to the manner prescribed by Mahommedan law.